

"Clef Cyffa yn y Mlynedd."

FAVOURITE WELSH HYMNS

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH.

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"From the top of the Rocks I see HIM: from the Hills I behold HIM."



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P R E F A C E.

To those who are no strangers to the Language and Spirit of the Originals, and who would feel disposed to welcome their adaptation to changed circumstances, the Author submits these Translations :* and he does so with a measure of trust that they may not be altogether powerless in renovating and sustaining impressions produced by those Originals.

And believing that there are others—English Christians—who confidently anticipate good to the Church from any reciprocation of the diversely-developed expressions of One Spirit, this introductory effort at presenting, in their language, a specimen of Welsh Devotional Song (in which a few English Originals are included), as illustrating its characteristic genius, is, to them also, respectfully offered, with the view of realising, in however humble a degree, the Desired Good.

An Index of the First Lines of the original Welsh Hymns, arranged in the order of the Translations, will be found at the end of the Work.

The Metres of the Originals are retained in every case where a departure from them is not specified. Their own thrilling minor MELODIES ought to accompany them.

* The principle adopted in the preparation of this Work may be aptly expressed, with slight modifications, in the language of a late Translator of Horace: "I [have endeavoured] to give not only the exact sense, but also the manner, the spirit, and [generally] the numbers of the original; while I have also aimed at giving [the] performance the freedom and ease of native compositions in [the English] language."—Preface to "Arundines Devae;" by a Scotch Physician: Edin.

GENERAL CLASSIFICATION OF CONTENTS.

I. Jesus page	1—10.
II. The Soul	10—24.
III. The Church	24—27.
IV. Death	27—29.
V. Judgement	29—31.
VI. Heaven	31—35.

* It has been endeavoured in the following pages so to develop and unite these several Themes as to present the unity of Anthems, as it were, in an Anthem.

FAVOURITE WELSH HYMNS.

JESUS.

P R E L U D E.

I would sing Thy love, my Saviour,
O, how can I silent be!
Though more sweetly, more sublimely
Many touch the chords to Thee.
In thy mercy is abundance,
Not a stream but boundless main :
Let me but rehearse the riches
JESUS doth for worlds contain !

I.

EARTH'S CROWN.

Thorns had the Saviour of mankind
His only Crown while here below :
Could Earth no other garland find
With which to deck his holy brow ?

Was he a King ? yea ; to his throne
Heaven, Earth, and Hell allegiance owe ;
Nor glory his, nor power alone,—
What heart such depths of grief can know ?

Should Earth, dear Lord, crown me with thorns,
Give strength to glory in the shame ;
To feel that every thing adorns
My brow, if Jesus wore the same.

I now behold Him on a seat
Of majesty o'er angels raised ;
The crowns of heaven laid at his feet,
His Holy Name by myriads praised.

And, Lord, among the crowns which heaven
Adoring, at thy footstool lays,
By contrite Earth may soon be given
A chaplet—not of shame, but praise.

For Thou hast crowned her with flowers,
And, more than all, with saving love :
What debt so great can be as hers ;
What diadem may worthy prove ?

II.

“BEHOLD THE MAN.”

Jesus Christ is my Creator,—
He formed sea and earth and air ;
Nature's pillars stand unshaken
On his power and constant care.
By his fingers for a dwelling
Was heaven's vault sublime upreared :
Jesus suffered when to save us
He as man on earth appeared.

Lofty Angels ! God-like spirits,
Clad in robes of ‘living light’ :
He who gave you all your glories,
Him you worship day and night,
Made his tent in human nature
That in Him should man confide :
Your Delight, your Source, and Centre
Died—for man a Ransom died.

Vast encircling Space ! whose confines
Stretch beyond creation's pole !
Worlds of magnitude appalling
In thee unobstructed roll :

He in whom thou art contained,
Spread at first and peopled thee,
Lay, an infant, in the manger,
Died, a man, upon the tree.

Countless Stars ! through darkness peering ;
Silent sentinels of night !
Worlds are ye of radiant brightness—
Points to feeble human sight :
He who spake and ye were kindled,
And will be, when ye grow dim,
Sun of souls, and Noon of heaven—
Grief and death enshrouded HIM.

Planets ! with the Earth concentric,
Speeding on your trackless ways,—
Speeding in unbroken order
From your distant primal days !
He whose arm put you in motion—
Who your orbits vast designed,
HERE was born a helpless infant,
HERE for sin his life resigned.

Sun ! the unexhausted fountain,
Whence flow warmth and genial light,
By whom Day to us is given
Loaded with untold delight !
He who hath with glory charged thee
That we may not rudely gaze,
Was on Calvary obscured—
Well thou dark'nedst with amaze.

Moon ! who star-attended glidest
Through the sky with queenly grace ;
Shining now in placid splendour,
Veiling now with clouds thy face :
He who hides thee—brings light to thee
From that sun, whose Sun is He,
Was eclipsed,—his beams were clouded,
On the ignominious tree.

Thunder ! who within thy cradle
 Of the sable cloud dost rock :
Rolling through expanse of heaven,
 Shaking earth with fearful shock !
He who overawes the nations,
 In thy mighty noise confessed,
Groaned and sighed with troubled spirit,
 By our guilt and sin oppressed.

Lightning wild ! thy child the Thunder,
 Thou dost wrap the world in fire :
Sodom perished by thee stricken,
 Doomed by Heaven's long-sleeping ire.
He who formed thee—could command thee
 Earth to cleanse and man to slay,
Gave Himself an expiation—
 Saved by death from Death his prey.

Tempests ! who disclose the caverns,
 Dungeons drear beneath the seas,
Toying with the proudest navies,
 Hurling down the giant trees :
He who curbs your wildest fury,
 Calms you like to infant's breath,
As a lamb Himself surrendered,
 Bowed his reverend head in death !

Peer of Angels ! space outreaching,
 Stars, sun, moon, thy grandeur show ;
Thunder, lightning, earthquake, tempest,
 Less in might sublime than THOU !
For thy welfare, haughty Rebel,
 Thee from error back to bring,
Jesus meekly bore thine insults :
 Weep—repent—believe—and sing !

III.

THE CONQUEROR.

From Edom whom see I returned
 More beauteous than break of the dawn ?
The foes He hath conquered and spurned
 Who proudly against Him were drawn.
With blood his fair raiment is dyed,
 How sharp are his arrows and sword :
The fame of his prowess be wide,
 His name through the world be adored !

IV.

LOSS AND GAIN.

In Eden—Memory e'er will tell,
 How honours thick as dew that fell
 Were lost: alas, man's crown !
On Calvary, did Mercy bring
 More lofty honours—I will sing
 The Victor's high renown.

V.

“CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED.”

Rough our way and dark the night,
Strong our foes but small our might,
Prone to droop our faithless mind,
Life before, but death behind :
Sing we as we journey on,
—“*Christon Estaurōmenon*”*

Friends are few nor can they heal
Sorrows which we deepest feel ;
And when needed most forsake :
Unto Jesus we'll betake,
Breathing oft, while toiling on,
—“*Christon Estaurōmenon*”

* “Christ Crucified;” Welsh, “Crist Croeshoeliedig.”

When of every joy bereft,
Nought but broken idols left,
Lone we lie upon the earth,
Strangers long to thought of mirth ;
Then we'll sigh though weeping on,
—“Christon Estaurōmenon !”

Bleeds our heart the world to see,
Chained by guilt in misery ;
We would heal our brother's woes,
Break his fetters, bind his foes :
We will cry, while passing on,
—“Christon Estaurōmenon !”

When our Home shall shine in sight,
When our fears are lost in light,
When we hear the summons given,
“Bring my way-worn ones to heaven !”
We will shout, while wafted on,
—“Christon Estaurōmenon !”

In that perfect world above,—
Perfect light and perfect love,
At HIS feet our crowns we'll cast,
And while heaven itself shall last,
Swell the anthem ever on,
—“Christon Estaurōmenon !”

VI.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

(FOR CHILDREN.)

My gentle Lamb, O come to me !
The ravenous wolf lurks near thy path ;
No fold is nigh, where wilt thou flee ?
The desert wild no safety hath :
O come to me !

Young art thou, tender Lamb, but warm
My mantle round thee shall be pressed ;
And in my bosom, safe from harm
Of storm or terror shalt thou rest.
O come to me !

And thou art feeble : I will find
Of richest milk to nourish thee,
And freshest herbs of sweetest kind,
Thy daily pasturage shall be.
O come to me !

Thou shalt to glades, where ripple by
Clear streams, where feed my lambkins, come ;
And when the shades of eve are nigh,
I'll bear thee safely to my home.
O come to me !

O, haste, my precious Lamb, to me :
Come prove me by my bleeding heart :
My Father too is seeking thee,
Nor shalt thou ever from us part.
Haste now to me !

VII.

A FRIEND IN JORDAN.

Who amid the swelling billows
Can sustain my sinking head ?
None but that divine Redeemer,
Who upon the cross hath bled.
If He through the stormy current
O'er the wave my head will bear,
If a gracious look vouchsafe me,
I will praise Him even there.

VIII.

A ROCK FOR A FOUNDATION.

O seek a rock to build on,
My soul ! wilt thou not prove
That strong and deep Foundation
Which Earth, nor Hell can move ?

How sweet in yonder River
That Rock beneath my feet,
When every doubt and terror
Shall on my spirit beat !

IX.

A ROCK HIGHER THAN I.

(MEASURE ALTERED.)

I turn when afflicted with grief
To the joy which thy presence bestows ;
When my pain is deprived of relief,
And my heart well nigh sinks with its woes :
I cry from the ends of the earth,
Unto Thee, O my God, do I cry,
For help from the flood to come forth
To the Rock that is higher than I.

When foes to assault me unite,
As wild torrents when swollen with rain,
And hide from my spirit thy light,
Deriding my bitterest pain ;
I call on the Father of love,
Who for sinners gave Jesus to die,
In mercy my feet to remove
To the Rock that is higher than I.

Amid Jordan's boisterous stream,
When the roar of the tempest is high,
I'll sing of his might to redeem,—
Of the Rock that is higher than I :
I'll triumph o'er death and the grave,
The proud legions of darkness defy—
The foam my firm foot shall just lave
On the Rock that is higher than I.

When far o'er all grief I ascend
To the souls who survive every shock,
Whose path that sweet stream did attend
Which flowed forth from their famed smitten Rock :

With millions who sing grateful lays,
When their anthems encircle the sky,
My voice shall unite in the praise
For the Rock that is higher than I.

X.

" YET THERE IS ROOM."

Cry, faithful messengers of God,
"Behold the great Redeemer's blood;"
Urge unto Him all men to come,
For Jesus saith there yet is room.

Ye naked, poor, oppressed, appear,
Unto Messiah's door draw near :
Obey the call, undoubting come,
For Jesus saith there yet is room.

Who doth on Jesus Christ believe,
That favoured soul shall ever live ;
Shall taste below of joys to come,
And Jesus saith there yet is room.

XI.

" IT IS GOOD TO BE HERE."

HERE, behold the seat of mercy :
Here, from doubt and fear release :
Here a Refuge for the guilty :
Here are joy and health and peace :
Here a Covert near the Godhead,
Where the vile may make their nest ;*
Justice smiling fond approval,
Honoured Law declares them blest.

* "Nyth," a current figure in Welsh poetry.

XII.

HEAVENLY ADORATION.

Angelic throngs unnumbered,
 As dawn's bright drops of dew,
 Present their crowns before HIM
 With praises ever new :
 But saints and angels blending
 Their songs above the sun,
 Can ne'er express the glories
 Of God with man made one.

THE SOUL.

XIII.

SELF-CONVERSE.

Heedless Soul of mine, bethink thee
 Ere thine hours on earth are past,—
 Ere thou fly to spirit-regions,
 If thou real treasure hast.
 Where will be thine endless dwelling ?
 Where thine everlasting home ?
 What thy portion, joy or mourning,
 In the world beyond the tomb ?
 When these eyes shall lose their lustre,—
 Fading with the failing breath,
 And roll, lightless, in the conflict,
 With inexorable Death ;
 How wilt thou survive the anguish—
 How sustain all earthly loss,
 If thou know not the Redeemer,
 If thou cling not to his cross ?

XIV.

SELF-REPROACH.

O the weakness, O the folly,
 That my heart did e'er entwine
 Round a joy, or hope, or promise,
 Vain, unstable World, of thine !
 Thou with all thy proffered treasure
 Shalt ere long from me remove :—
 Turn, fond heart, with holy rapture,
 Unto God thy trust and love.
 Are there none of my companions,
 Will from life attend me forth,
 Or will fondly watch beside me
 In the cold and silent earth ?
 All thy boasting this, O Friendship !
 Shedding tears and heaving sighs,
 When my need of thee is greatest,
 When thy doting votary dies ?

XV.

APPEAL.

Unhappy soul, what sayest thou
 To one with power and love
 All thy transgressions to forgive,
 Thy misery to remove ?
 Wilt follow Him, poor guilty soul ?
 He giveth life and He doth kill :
 Arise, arise, and in Him trust ;
 Say, guilty soul, " I will ! "
 His are the skies above thee spread,
 He sitteth on heaven's throne ;
 All His, if thou art with him joined,
 He bids thee deem thine own.
 Wilt follow Him, sad, needy soul ?
 He condescends to call thee still :
 Come, doubt no longer, in Him trust ;
 Say, needy soul, " I will ! "

XVI.

THE SEARCH.

I had sought throughout creation,
Searched its vast, amazing whole,
For an object to delight in,
Adaptate to fill the soul.
After turning picture's pages
Forward, backward, o'er and o'er,
I attained not satisfaction,
But my longings grew the more.
Then amid angelic orders
Asked I if there were not one,
Willing to extend his friendship
To a wretched soul undone :
Soon a lofty spirit answered,
"No ; there is not one of us,
Can hold friendship with a spirit
Fallen, guilty, wandering thus."
Shame and grief now overwhelmed me,—
My sad heart was nigh to break,
All my frame with terror trembled,
And my tongue no more could speak ;
Then gushed forth a briny torrent,
Down unto the crystal floor,
Nothing through unending ages,
Can from memory blot that hour.
Then a glance in helpless sorrow
Turned I to the central throne,—
There I saw the MEDIATOR
Who for my life gave his own.
"There is He," I faintly whispered,
"Read I not upon his face,
That his heart is full of pity,
Full, to sinful worms, of grace ?"
Then I drew unto his footstool,
Prostrate fell before his seat ;
And I pleaded for his favour,
Pointing to his hands and feet :

"I will pour," I said, "my sorrow
And my need into his ear,
All my grief I will unbosom :
It is Jesus, need I fear!"

Then while I a bosom opened,
Full of darkness, want and sin,
He a bosom full of mercy
Opened to receive me in :
Those kind hands which once were piercèd,
Reached he forth to raise my head :—
From that all-transporting moment
All my hopeless longings fled.

XVII.

A FAREWELL.

Fly, Earth's gaudy, fading trifles ;
Empty joys, no longer stay :
Stand aside, vain schemes of profit :
Gay companions, speed away !
I depart, the Bridegroom cometh ;
I dare sport with you no more,
But would with the wise now ready
Enter ere He close the door.
Come, ye thoughtless, enter with me,
Flee, while Mercy saith there's room :
Flee, before the storm o'ertake you :
Flee, ere your destruction come :
Swiftly speeds the dread avenger,
Swiftly speeds the judgement hour ;
Speed we to the refuge swiftly,
While we have an open door.

XVIII.

THE UNSEEN.

Though unseen, O Lord, I love Thee,
Wondrous is thy saving might,
Thus to wean my soul so sweetly
From its sinful chief delight :

More Thou didst in one short instant
Than a world could e'er have done,
Winning Thee a happy dwelling
In this sterile heart of stone.

XIX.

HOLY WONDER.

Strange that I am not cut down
Without mercy,
To endure thy righteous frown,
Beyond pity !
That on earth I still survive
I will praise Thee—
To thy praise and glory live,
Who hath spared me.

Strange Thou shouldst have looked on me—
Worthless, guilty :
Who can count my debt to Thee,
Lord, most holy ?
If I reach thy heavenly seat,
Songs unceasing
Shall my raptured tongue repeat—
Thee adoring.

XX.

OUT OF THE DUST.

Lord, hear my cry and see my case,
As hart for streams I pant for grace :
Come, O my God, bear me above,
To bathe my wounds in thy blest love.

Are there not myriads now in bliss,
Whose cry on earth was often this ?
Here in the dust how deep their groans,
But now they sit on glorious thrones.

When shall I that glad hour behold,
When sin shall quit its deadly hold ;
When I my Christ unveiled shall see,
And pass through all my misery !

O that I could from sinning cease,
And wait on Pisgah my release,
Until I saw the dawn of day,
And Jesus called his child away !

If Thou wilt not complete me now,
Before my head in death I bow,
In dreary Kedar walk with me ;
My life would languish losing Thee.

XXI.

ANTICIPATION.

If I, the sin-benighted,
At length attain the goal,
O what will be the transport
Of my enraptured soul :
The triumph celebrating
Of saving Mercy's power,
Nor dread again to perish,
Nor wander evermore !

XXII.

KISSING THE ROD.

Teach me Aaron's thoughtful silence
When corrected by thy rod ;
Teach me Eli's acquiescence,
Saying, " Do thy will, my God :"
Teach me Job's confiding patience,
Dreading words from pride that flow ;
For Thou, Lord, alone exaltest,
And Thou only layest low.

XXIII.

SPEAKING UNTO GOD.

How shall I my case discover,
Who can estimate my grief !
If a cloud thy presence darken,
Nought gan give my soul relief.
Through the clouds let my entreaty—
Let these sighs to Thee ascend,
Till new light break o'er my spirit—
Till thy gracious ear attend.

All my groans, my sighs, and weeping,
All my best resolves are vain,
My most watchful thoughts avail not,
Victory o'er sin to gain.
Lord, His name I plead who suffered
For lost man thy holy frown :
See the reed, the cross, the scourging ;
See the robe, the thorny crown !

Through the sole atoning merit
Of the blood by Jesus shed,
Scatter all the sin that hinders
Heaven from shining on my head.
Pardon all the great transgressions,
Which I cannot count to Thee :
Look for merits in my Saviour,
Not, my righteous God, in me.

If for sin He was afflicted,
If the spear did pierce His side,
If His hands and feet were nailed,
If flowed forth His vital tide ;
Let the fruit of that deep anguish,
Let the purchase of that pain,
Be imparted to my spirit.
Shall the plea be made in vain !

XXIV.

EXPERIENCE.

(IN IMITATION OF A FAVOURITE WELSH MEASURE.)

Sweet, sweet,
It is with thine, my God, to meet,
And lay our burdens at thy feet :
False passion's heat from thence departs ;
Our weary hearts before Thee rest,
And by thee blessed forget their smarts.

Far, far,
From me my comrades in the war,
And this doth much my courage mar :
Haste in thy ear of strength, O Lord !
With thine own sword my foes confound :
Then all the year round I'll trust thy word.

XXV.

THE DAILY CROSS.

And must the cross attend my way,
And load my spirit night and day ?
Lord, if it must, make me content :
Help me to keep the end in view,
And sing through fire and water too,
Until my span of life be spent.

Oft I recall thy faithful love—
The comfort promised from above—
The legacy Thou gavest—peace :
Impart from day to day to me
That peace, that comfort, Lord, and see
That with my strength my cross decrease.

If to the east or west I go,
None true like Him on earth I know,
He makes my fainting spirit strong :

FAVOURITE WELSH HYMNS.

If His bright face upon me shine,
I can the world and self resign :
My crosses then become my song.

XXVI.

THE CROSS A CROWN.

My Lord with his affliction,
His cross and bitter pain,
Affords me joy while living,
And dying will be gain.
In his reproach is honour,
In his rude cross a crown,
And in his love a treasure
Surpassing all renown.

XXVII.

EARLY HOPES.

In the morning I expected,
That I should long, long ere now,
All my eager foes have conquered,
That a crown should grace my brow :
War and tumult,
Still distress my wearied ears.

In an agony of longing,
I await the signal day,
When my fetters shall be broken,
When from earth I fly away ;
And for tumults,
Hear alone the songs of heaven.

XXXVIII.

EXILE.

I'll spend my few remaining days,
While here ordained to roam,
As exiles do in distant lands,
I'll think of nought but home.

THE SOUL.

Wistful upon the strand I gaze
Toward heaven, my country's shore,
Expecting hence ere long to sail,
And sin and weep no more.

When I depart for other worlds,
What friend will cleave to me ?
None, none, how well soe'er beloved—
Dear Jesus, none but Thee.

XXIX.

A FATHER AT THE HELM.

Far, far on the ocean one cold starless night,
A small bark was sailing in pitiful plight :
The boom of the billows, as on rushed the storm,
O'ercame the stout hearts of the men with alarm.

But one in that lone boat was fearless the while,—
The captain's bright boy :—looking round with a smile :
“The storm threatens,” he said, “but still do not fear,
We safely shall land, for my Father doth steer.”

O why, child of heaven, is thy faithless breast,
In viewing the tempest with terror oppressed ?
The dark depths are roaring, but yield not to fear,
Thy vessel is safe, for thy Father doth steer.

Soon, soon endless joy shall encompass thy brow,
Thy friends on the shore are awaiting thee now :
Unfurl every sail, see the bright morn appear,
And Canaan is nigh, and thy Father doth steer.

Unfurl every sail, for the favouring breeze
Is urging thee on to the haven of peace :
Thine anchor is safe—thou to Jesus art dear :
Thou hast entered the port—and thy Father doth steer.

XXX.

EVENING HYMN.

Jesus, my Saviour and my God,
Who gavest us thy precious blood
To heal our guilty smart :
O give me faith to make my nest,
Where this my soul may hide and rest,
Within thy wounded heart.

In thy safe bosom let me lie,
Prepared in holy peace to die,
If Thou ere morn shouldst call :
Then may thine angel-guards attend,
And me from Satan's power defend,
Lest to his hands I fall.

XXXI.

LONGING.

Direct unto my God,
With speed, my cry ascend :
Present to Him this urgent plea :—
“In mercy, Lord, attend !
“Fulfil thy gracious word,
“To bring me to thy rest ;
“In Salem soon my place prepare,
“And make me ever blest !

“Down in a vale of tears
“Where dwelt my Christ I mourn,
“And in the conflict with my foes,
“My tender heart is torn :
“O heal each bleeding wound,
“With thy life-giving tree ;
“In Salem, Lord, above the strife,
“A place prepare for me !”

XXXII.

A GLANCE.

A pilgrim I to Canaan flee,
To dwell, my blessed Lord, with Thee
In thine eternal rest :*
Beyond the tempter's roar and dart,
And every foe to cause me smart,
Thy constant, filial guest.

Afar I sometimes see below
A glimpse of Salem's mansions glow,
All blessed, all divine :
O city high, nor sun nor moon,
Arise o'er thee, God is thy noon !
When shall thy bliss be mine ?

At the great resurrection day,
I shall shake off this heavy clay,
And rise above the earth :
Then mount on wings sublime to heaven,
When Thou hast powers immortal given,
O strange, and glorious birth !
And then, with life immortal crowned,
My feeble song of glory drowned
Among the sons of light,
Our strains shall high and higher swell,
In keeping feast without farewell,
To Jesus day and night.

XXXIII.

DESIRE.

Thy bright, swift pinions, Dawn, had I,
To distant realms my soul would fly ;
And view eternal mansions there,
Where my lost friends and Saviour are.
O were to me that chariot given,
Which bore the man of God to heaven :
I would this earthly tent resign,
And every mortal joy of mine.

* Originally “nyth,” nest.

By day or night I should not tire,
Had I pillared cloud and fire :
I'd sing the dreary desert through,
And joyful enter Jordan too.

Or could I Jacob's ladder climb,
I'd leave afar the clouds of time ;
Nor rest until my favoured ears
Caught angel-strains above the spheres.

My soul, it is thy Peniel **HERE**,
Repeat good Jacob's earnest prayer :
Perchance, before the morning wake,
The day divine may o'er thee break.

XXXIV.

JUBILEE.

I am through the lone night waiting,
For the dawning of the day,
When my prison door is opened,
When my fetters fall away.
O come quickly,
Happy day of Jubilee !

Let me still be meekly wakeful,
Trusting that to all my woes,
By thy mighty hand, Redeemer,
Shall be given a speedy close :
Keep me watching,
For the joyful Jubilee.

XXXV.

LOOKING BEYOND.

I look beyond the distant hills,
My risen Lord to see :
O come, Beloved, ere the dusk,
My sun doth set on me !

Bu^g
d^u
f^u
w^u
l^u
A^u
W^u
N^u
B^u

Methinks that were my feet released
From these afflicting chains,
I would but sing of Calvary,
Nor think of all my pains.

I long for thy divine abode,
Where sinless myriads dwell,
Who ceaseless sing thy boundless love,
And all thy glories tell.

XXXVI.

ONE WITH CHRIST.

(TO A CHRISTIAN FRIEND UNDER BEREAVEMENT.)

What though the dark cloud for a season doth hover,
O'er pleasures and prospects so humble as thine ;
The joy of the past taken from thee for ever—
And thy faint heart tempted by grief to repine :
Thy Loved and thy Lost shall on earth no more greet thee,
Farewell hath thine eyes with its weeping made dim ;
But think, though Creation henceforth may seem empty,
Thou canst not be severed a moment from **HIM**.

Oft, oft shall the prayer unto God be ascending,
Though far in the wilderness from thee we dwell,
That into thine heart He may daily be sending
Joys, comforts, and blessings which tongue cannot tell :
That long be thy life, and all-fragrant that life be,
And if more affliction thy bliss should bedim,
His voice of compassion may sweetly remind thee,
Thy life, in thy trials, is hidden with **HIM**.

But short is our sojourn on earth at the longest,
The day comes apace mid our pleasure and strife,
When, though to the seeming we flourish the fairest,
Shall our roots be plucked up from this nursery-life :
And O, when the tomb life's scenes from us shall sever,
When death's awful shadow this world shall bedim,
May we rise to the kingdom of life and for ever
Be planted in glory—true branches of **HIM**.

THE CHURCH.

XXXVII.

LOVE.

Let brethren cease of party names to speak—
Of party strife—have vanished “Jew and Greek :”
Sweet Peace appear, and Love thy seat maintain,
That holy Love, which chief in heaven doth reign.

XXXVIII.

“FORWARD.”

Advance, advance, ye hosts of God,
Unfurl the standard stained with blood :
Soon shall ye wave the palm on high,
Soon raise the shout of “victory,”
And chaplets wear that never die—
The world is yours !

XXXIX.

THE MIGHTY NAME.

Emanuel's name
Shall win wider fame,
Through vales and o'er hills it shall sound :
Great Jericho's wall,
Before it shall fall ;
The trumpets re-echo around.

XL.

COMING TO ZION.

All tribes and tongues together come,
The scattered Jews and Gentiles, home ;
Throughout the host a chorus runs,
Of special praise for Ethiop sons.

THE CHURCH.

25

Hark, hark ! the tide of song,
Rolls onward from the throng :
Soon Zion shall obtain
The purchase of Messiah's pain.

XLI.

“ABIDE WITH US.”

Fix a dwelling, Lord, in Goshen—
Shall thine Israel be denied ?
From thy shining exaltation,
Deign to bow, and here abide :
Dwell among thy pilgrim people,
Where the tribes to praise Thee come,
Nor depart, Redeemer, from us,
Till the final day of doom.

XLII.

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

In thine abode
Sweet peace and gladness reign ;
While left below
My soul would here remain :
Among thy sons
Whom sacred wisdom guides,
Within whose breast
The love of God presides.

Here milk and wine
To cheer the fainting flow,
And living streams
That whiter make than snow.
Unto all men
The wisdom, Lord, be given,
To seek thy house,
And learn the work of heaven.

XLIII

COMMENCEMENT OF WORSHIP.

He who darts the wing'd lightning,—
 Walks upon the foaming wave,—
 Send forth arrows of conviction
 Here,—exert his power to save :
 Burst the bars of Satan's prison :
 Snatch the firebrand from the flame,
 Fill the doubting with assurance :
 Teach the dumb to sing his name !

XLIV.

ZION ASLEEP.

O that now mine eyes were fountains,
 That I night and day might weep,
 To see Zion in the desert,
 On her journey gone asleep.
 In its sin the wide world lying,
 Zion halted—sleeping fast :
 With thy breath to wake the valley,
 Come, eternal Spirit, haste !

Zion, wake ! O hear the groaning
 Of the earth beneath her wrong ;
 Time it is that thou wert stirring,
 Why, O why hast slept so long ?
 Slumbered hast thou many ages,
 And thy Lord account hath kept :
 Shall thy foes say, Zion, Zion !
 "None, as thou, so long hath slept ? "

XLV.

"SAVE, LORD."

Rescue Zion for thy praise,
 From affliction :
 Are not these the promised days
 Of salvation ?

DEATH.

27

Lo, thy servants for her sake,
 Weep before Thee,
 And their hearts with longing break :—
 Lord, have mercy !

XLVI.

"THY KINGDOM COME."

To all the tribes of earth,
 Send, Lord, thy gospel forth,
 From sea to sea :
 Soon may the heathen come
 Unto thy sacred home ;
 Nor ever, ever roam
 From thine, and Thee.

XLVII.

DAWN.

It shall not long remain,
 This dark tempestuous night ;
 Not long doth Christ ordain,
 To bear the cross, and fight :
 Behold the herald Dawn appear,
 Auspicious morn is drawing near.

DEATH.

XLVIII.

DEATH UNAVOIDABLE.

To thy regions, World-eternal,
 Onward, onward, is my face ;
 Resting spot in vain I wish for,
 Till in thee I find my place :
 Death's dark portal,
 Though so dark I must pass through.

When death's cold and turbid waters,
To their bosom me receive,
Who will dissipate the darkness,
Who my terror will relieve ?
If my Saviour
Smile, then fear will flee away.

XLIX.

THE LAMP.

I.

(THE MEASURE OF THE SECOND PART HAS BEEN CHANGED.)

A weary pilgrim sat,
Above a gloomy stream,
A lamp he firmly held
Shed round a cheerful gleam :
It showed that river's farther banks,
Crowded with wistful spirit ranks.

He cometh to the stream,
Adown a rough ravine,
The lamp still in his hand
By friends above is seen ;
And friends beyond can see him come,
His lamp reveals him through the gloom.

Now mid the rushing tide,
The Faithful One he sees
With arms spread open wide,
To bear him into Peace :
And in the world where he is gone,
They need no lamp nor light of sun.

II.

Down to that gloomy stream,
Creeps one in wild dismay ;
The light of earthly joy
Fades gently, fades away :
There echo through the dismal shade,
Strange sounds by hideous monsters made.

The lamp he holds goes out—
O who can speak his pain !
For never shall he see
Its needed light again :
Victorious Death there boastful bides,
Twin Darkness his loud horror hides.

He lists with bated breath
Some friendly foot to hear,
With whispered word of hope,
Or lighted lamp draw near :
But foot of succour none doth sound,
While taunting demons sport around.

At length with piteous groan
He stumbles to the flood,—
A mortal made to know
The frowning love of God :
He sinks, he swims ; now, all is o'er :
Hope must forsake him ever more.

JUDGEMENT.

L.

THE TESTING.

A day for solemn trial
Of men is drawing near,
Who has the hidden substance,
Who dross, will then appear.
O God, let me experience
Upon my heart thy grace ;
That is the stamp and *image*
Alone that day can pass.

LI.

THE JUDGEMENT COME.

Hark, hark ! methinks I hear a voice,
Swift piercing through the troubled sky :
"He comes, He comes ; ye saints rejoice ;
The end, the end of time, is nigh !

Ye saints from dust awake, awake,
To joys immortal wing your flight :
Of crowns, and harps, and thrones partake,
They are your endless, blood-bought right."

LII.

"COME, YE BLESSED!"

Lo ! He comes on clouds of glory,
Circled by an angel-throng
Who proclaim His lofty titles
With their trumpets, loud and long.
Halleluiah,
Welcome, welcome, Son of Man !
Thousand thousands, myriad myriads
Bright attendants on the Lord,
See I rising from corruption,
At the mighty signal-word :
Farewell, sadness,
Full redemption now is come.
Now behold th' exalted Shepherd
Calleth one by one his sheep ;
Lo ! they rise with joy to meet Him,
None in earth or ocean sleep.
Love unbounded,
Thou shalt henceforth ever reign.
There for sin is no upbraiding,
Nought but pardon full and free :
Nought but his deep love, and merit
Shall now unforgotten be ;
Fear hath vanished,
Joy and rapture overflow.

HEAVEN.

31

"Come, ye faithful servants, enter,
Blessèd children of your God :
Come, receive eternal mansions,
Purchased for you with my blood !
Come and welcome,
Now my love is satisfied."

HEAVEN.

LIII.

HEAVENWARD.

Toward heaven, my Father's home, I steer,
Tossed on the billowy flood :
A man that hath no purpose here
Save seeking for his God.

Let me not swerve to right or left,
Or of thy guidance tire ;
Kept in the course that heavenward leads,
Through gulphs of flood and fire.

Opposing tempests beat me back,
And I have strength no more ;
O take me, Jesus, in thine arms,
And bear to yonder shore.

LIV.

"FAR BETTER."

Many dear ones are departed
To the grave's dark silent land :
I shall soon receive the summons
There to lie amid the band ;
Where they hear not
Any more sad earth's complaints.

Blest are they who have expired
 In the Lord, supremely blest !
 In the port so oft desired
 They for ever safely rest.
 How much better,
 There to sing than sigh with us !

LV.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

My cup doth often while below,
 With Marah's waters overflow :
 But care and grief which here annoy,
 Above shall be absorbed in joy.

The fire of love within the breast
 Is here but fond desire at best :
 The faintest spark in heaven it knows
 With an immortal ardour glows.

The joy for which I here can hope
 Is but the small tormenting drop :
 A fathomless, eternal sea
 Of bliss shall there encompass me.

A distant clouded glimpse is all
 That Faith on earth may vision call :
 But unto Faith and Hope in heaven
 Are prospect and possession given.

Crumbs are on earth our richest fare :
 But banquets wait the pilgrim there.
 Here cold and faint the songs we raise :
 But deathless there will be our praise.

Here evening shades envelope me ;
 All darkness shall from Zion flee ;
 Without a veil it will be given
 God face to face to see in HEAVEN.

LVI.

THE SAVED.

I see a myriad saved,
 Who once were faint as I ;
 Now they have climbed the rocky steeps,
 And reign with Christ on high.
 They sing on yonder side,
 From doubt and sorrow free,
 The praises of the bleeding Lamb,
 The song of Calvary.

LVII.

ENDLESS PRAISE.

But begun will be the singing
 Unto Jesus round His throne,
 By the saved when tardy ages
 With their songs and joys are flown :
 And for ever,
 Shall the golden harps resound.

There shall I rehearse the story,
 How a weakling faint and worn,
 Was o'er rocks and through deep waters,
 To eternal glory borne :
 Jesus wholly,
 Shall absorb the songs of heaven.

LVIII.

APPROACHING LAND.

(Thought to have been suggested to the seraphic Bard, Williams, of Panty-
 yeelyn, by the approach of Columbus to the shores of the Western
 Continent.)

HERE I am a passing stranger,
 Far away my native land ;
 O'er the wide and stormy ocean,
 Where lies Canaan's happy strand.

Raging storms of strong temptation
Drove me from my home astray :
Bear me, balmy southern breezes,
To its verdant shores away !

Spite of waves and counter-currents
Rolling o'er me from each side,
Through the seas and storms opposing,
I shall stem the swelling tide.
Than the floods thy word is stronger—
Stronger than the 'whelming wave :
All my hope I calmly venture
On thy promise, Lord, to save.

Not much longer must I battle
With the billows thus forlorn,
Land is nigh, each faithful promise
Shews how nigh Salvation's morn.
Not the deep shall be my dwelling :—
Joyful shall my spirit come,
When the seas have cleansed and proved me,
To my loved eternal Home.

Yea, methinks I catch already
Fragrant perfumes from the land,
Wafted by celestial breezes ;
Surely it is near at hand.
O could I its coast discover,
Blessed country free from strife ;
There my dearest friends are dwelling,
There is everlasting life !

CLOSE.

If there be holy contest
Who ought to sing the loudest
On plains of heaven ;
Who most to Christ indebted,
Who loftiest exalted,
Being most forgiven :
A plea there will appear for me ;
For of the many,
Whom sovereign Mercy,
With arm almighty,
May raise that state to see,
No one more undeserving
Of joy so great can be.
One song shall echo through the throng :
"To Him who loved us :
To Him who washed us :
To Him who saved us,
From deep and miry clay !"
The thrilling anthem doubling,
Unending, night and day.

INDEX

Of the Original Welsh First-lines, corresponding to the order of
the Translations.

	PAGE.
I. Canu wnaf am gariad Iesu 1
II. Coronwyd, do, Iachawdwr byd 1
III. Iesu ydyw fy Ngreawdwr 2
IV. Pwy wela'i o Edom yn dôd 5
V. Yn Eden, cofiaf hyny byth 5
VI. (English Original) 5
VII. (English Original) 6
VIII. Yn y dyfroedd mawr a'r tonsau 7
IX. Am graig i adeiladu 7
X. Ar dymhorau o ofidiau 8
XI. Llefwrch, genhadon Duw o hyd 9
XII. Dyma babell y cyfarfod 9
XIII. Angylion dont yn gyseson 10
XIV. Cofis f' ensafid cyn it' dreulio 10
XV. O'r fath wagedd, fath ffolineb 11
XVI. Fy enaid llwythog, euog i 11
XVII. Chwilio bum y greadigeth 12
XVIII. Ffowch deganau gwael y ddaear 13
XIX. Anweledig rwy'n dy garu 13
XX. Rhyfedd na buaswn 'nawr 14
XXI. O clyw fy ngwaedd, a gwêl fy ngwedd 14
XXII. Os gwellir fi, bechadur 15
XXIII. Dysg fi dewi megys Aaron 15
XXIV. P'odd y galla'i ddweud sydd ynwyf 16
XXV. (English Original) 17
XXVI. A raid i gystudd garw'r groes 17
XXVII. Mae Crist a'i wradwyddiadau 18
XXVIII. Mi feddyliais yn y boreu 18
XXIX. Mi dreuliaf weddill dyddiau f' oes 18
XXX. Draw, draw ar y cefnfor 19
XXXI. O Iesu'm ffrynd a'm prynwr drud 20
XXXII. Fy ngwedi dôs i'r nêf 20

INDEX.

37

XXXIII. Pererin wyf i'r Ganaan fry 21
XXXIV. Pe cawn adenyyd boreu wawr 21
XXXV. Dysgwyl 'rwyf ar hyd yr hir nos 22
XXXVI. 'Rwy'n edrych dros y bryniau pell 22
XXXVII. (English Original) 23
XXXVIII. Darfydded sôn am bob ymryson mwy 24
XXXIX. Ymlaen, ymlaen, chwi filwyr Duw 24
XL. Efengyl yr Oen 24
XLI. Pob llwyth ac iaith ddaw yn gytun 24
XLII. Gosod babell yn ngwlad Gosen 25
XLIII. Yn nhŷ fy Nuw, lle tawel, llawn o hedd 25
XLIV. 'Rhwn sy'n peri'r mellt i hedeg 26
XLV. O na bai fy mhen yn ddifyroedd 26
XLVI. Achub Sion er dy glôd 26
XLVII. At holl dylwythau'r ddaear 27
XLVIII. Ni pheri ddini yn hir 27
XLIX. Ar bellerau tragyddoldeb 27
L. (i.) Eisteddai teithiwr blin 28
(ii.) Ar lan yr Iorddonen 28
LI. Daw dydd o brysur bwysô 29
LII. Clywch, clywch tebygaf clywaf lais 30
LIII. Wele'n dyfod ar y cwmwl 30
LIV. Rwy'n morio tua chartre'm Nêr 31
LV. Torf o'mrodr y sydd yn gorwedd 31
LVI. Fy phiol yma sydd yn llawn 32
LVII. Mi wela fyrd dan sêl 33
LVIII. Dechreu canu, dechreu canmol 33
LIX. Dyn dyeithr ydwyf yma 33
LX. Os oes rhyw ddadl hyfryd 35

ALPHABETICAL INDEX

OF THE FIRST-LINES OF THE TRANSLATIONS.

	PAGE.
'A day for solemn trial 29
'Advance, advance, ye hosts of God 24
All tribes and tongues together come 24
And must the cross attend my way 17
Angelic thronge unnumbered 10
A pilgrim I to Canaan flee 21
A weary pilgrim sat 28
But begun will be the singing 33
Cry, faithful messengers of God..	.. 9
Direct unto my God 20
Down to that gloomy stream 28
Emmanuel's name 24
Far, far on the ocean 19
Fix a dwelling, Lord, in Goshen 25
Fly Earth's gaudy, fading trifles 13
From Edom whom see I returned 5
Hark, hark, methinks I hear a voice 30
Heedless soul of mine, bethink thee 10
Here I am a passing stranger 33
Here, behold, the seat of mercy 9
He who darts the wingèd lightning 26
How shall I my case discover 16
I am in the lone night waiting 22
If I, the sin-benighted 15
If there be holy contest 35
I had sought in the creation 12
I'll spend my few remaining days 18
I look beyond the distant hills 22
In Eden—Memory e'er will tell 5
In the morning I expected 18
In thine abode 25
I see a myriad saved 33
I turn when afflicted with grief 8

It shall not long remain 27
I would sing Thy love, my Saviour 1
Jesus Christ is my creator 2
Jesus, my Saviour and my God 20
Let brethren cease 24
Lo, He comes on clouds of glory 30
Lord, hear my cry and see my case 14
Many dear ones are departed 31
My cup doth often while below 32
My gentle Lamb, O come to me 6
My Lord with his affliction 18
O that now mine eyes, were fountains 26
O the weakness, O the folly 11
O seek a rock to build on 7
Rescue Zion, for thy praise 26
Rough our way and dark the night 5
Strange that I am not cut down.. 14
Sweet, sweet 17
Teach me Aaron's thoughtful silence 15
Thorns had the Saviour of mankind 1
Though unseen, O Lord, I love thee 13
Thy bright, swift pinions, Dawn, had I 21
To all the tribes of earth 27
To thy regions, World-eternal 27
Toward heaven, my Father's home, I steer 31
Unhappy soul, what sayest thou 11
What though the dark cloud 23
Who amid the swelling'billows 7